

Our Dumb Animals.

"WE SPEAK FOR THOSE WHO



CANNOT SPEAK FOR THEMSELVES."

"I would not enter on my list of friends,
Though graced with polished manners and fine sense,
Yet wanting sensibility, the man
Who needlessly sets foot upon a worm." — *Courier.*

Vol. 16.

Boston, June, 1883.

No. 1.

Our Band of Mercy Secretary reports upwards of four hundred Bands of Mercy now formed and forming, with about forty-two thousand members.

A Good Day's Work.

On Sunday, May 13, Mr. Timmins formed the following Bands of Mercy at South Boston:—

Broadway Universalist, about 300 members; Broadway Methodist Episcopal, about 250; Broadway Baptist, about 100; and St. Vincent's Roman Catholic, over 700; making in all about 1350.

Silver Badges.

Experience has shown that our six-cent silver badges will tarnish after a while. To those who prefer silver to gilt, we would say that we are now having, with the six-cent quality, others manufactured, which cost ten cents, and, we are told, will wear bright, with cleaning, for years.

The History of "American Bands of Mercy," by Rev. Thomas Timmins.

At the request of Rev. Mr. Timmins we insert the following. The book will be soon sent gratuitously to the officers of all Bands of Mercy now formed:—

HISTORY AND GROWTH OF THE AMERICAN BANDS OF MERCY. 12½ CENTS EACH, UNDER COST PRICE. POSTAGE OR CARRIAGE NOT INCLUDED.

The book is now ready, and may be had in single copies or large quantities for distribution. It contains 80 pages, and is bound in the handsome Pink Membership Cards. Among some 25 illustrations, will be found pictures of "Waiting for Master," "Kiss Me," "Crust or Crumb," "The Founders," "The Baroness Burdett-Coutts," "Tame Lions," "Which Do You Like?" "Thoroughbred," &c. In the twenty-two chapters of contents are full accounts of the American Bands of Mercy; how they came into existence and were founded; experiences among, and forming them; sketches of the Bands and their work; articles about them, their progress all over the States, from "Our Dumb Animals," and many other papers; anecdotes, and choice bits of poetry and prose; accounts of the founders of English Bands, and their work there, together with many other pieces

of information too numerous to mention; also the names and officers of all American Bands of Mercy thus far reported. It is a book that every member of the Bands of Mercy should possess at once, and a very suitable present to make to any one, and that friends of the work everywhere should circulate by hundreds and thousands to extend the cause. A labor of love on my part, through the great kindness of Samuel E. Sawyer, Esq., a Director, and Chairman of the Trustees of the Permanent Fund of the Mass. Society P. C. A., who has generously given six hundred dollars towards the printing, it will be sold under cost price to members of the Bands, and friends, for circulation, at 12½ cents each, or 8 copies for a dollar, and so on in larger numbers. Copies, the gift of Mr. Sawyer, will be sent free to the Presidents, Secretaries, and Treasurers, of each Band, and it is earnestly hoped that they will do their best to get copies, by gifts to the infant departments, and sale to the others, into the possession of all members. As part of the first edition is already engaged, orders will be filled as they come, and we desire friends to order early, in order to save disappointment to them and to us, by having them printed in time.

THOS. TIMMINS.

New Bands.

Boston. Bowdoin Square Baptist Band of Mercy.
P., Rev. W. W. Downs.
S., Miss A. M. Gregory.
Boston. Chambers Street St. Joseph's Band of Mercy.
P., Rev. Father W. J. Daly.
Boston. Dudley Street Baptist Band of Mercy.
P., Rev. Dr. Potter.
S., Mrs. Addison Browne.
T., H. E. Lingham, Jr.
Boston. Eliot Church Band of Mercy.
P., Rev. B. F. Hamilton.
S., Miss L. J. Rice.
T., C. W. Hill.
Boston. North Charles Street Church of the Evangelist.
Rev. Reuben Kidner.
Boston. Roxbury Universalist Band of Mercy.
P., Rev. Dr. Patterson.
S., Miss Emma Smith.
T., B. Groce.
Boston. St. James Parochial School Bands of Mercy. Six Bands.
P., Rev. Father T. H. Shahan:

South Boston. Broadway Baptist Band of Mercy.
P., F. A. Locke.
S., Miss Brooks.
T., Mr. Webster.
South Boston. Broadway M. E. Band of Mercy.
P., H. K. Richards.
S., Miss L. S. Smith.
T., Miss Brodley.
South Boston. St. Vincent's Church Band of Mercy.
P., Rev. Father William J. Coreoran.
S., Miss Foley.
T., Rev. Father O'Neil.
South Boston. Whittemore Band of Mercy.
P., Rev. J. J. Lewis.
S., Miss J. B. Cherrington.
T., E. Spofford.
Cambridge. Cushing School.
Miss Isadore J. Foster.
Cambridge. Dunster School Band of Mercy.
P., Miss S. B. Waitt.
Cambridge. Episcopal Theological School Band of Mercy.
P., Mr. Billings.
S., Mr. Barker.
T., Mr. Ward.
Cambridge. Holmes School Wide Awake Band of Mercy.
Miss C. M. Cyr.
Cambridge. Miss Adeline M. Ireson.
Cambridge. Miss H. M. Webb.
North Cambridge. Miss Keay.
North Cambridge. Harriet Keys.
Cambridgeport. Boardman School Band of Mercy.
Miss Kingman.
Cambridgeport. Webster Band of Mercy.
P., Miss C. M. Kingman.
V. P., Miss E. M. Hannum.
S., Miss M. E. Towle.
T., Miss L. C. Capen.
Acushnet. Acushnet Band of Mercy.
P., Philip A. Bradford.
S., Harold C. Wing.
T., Alfred B. Wing.
East Medway. Mrs. E. M. Dunham.
Greenwood. A. H. Thayer.

Bridgeport, Conn.

Clarissa A. Titus.

Chicago, Ill. Nursery and Help Orphan Band of Mercy.

P., Mrs. C. M. Blanchard.

S., Miss Lizzie Pettibone.

Chicago, Ill. Trinity Church Sunday School Band of Mercy.

P., Miss Mary Estelle Hutchinson.

S., Francis P. Fisher.

Hyde Park, Ill. Union Band of Mercy.

P., Frank I. Bennett.

S. & T., Ruby Donnally.

Illinois Industrial School Blair Band of Mercy.

P., Mrs. A. F. Blair.

Huntington, Indiana.

L. W. Koons.

Van Buren, Me.

Rev. Henry Jones.

St. Louis, Mo. Unity Band of Mercy.

P., Mrs. Dr. Field.

Rochester, N. Y. Grammar School No. 14 Bands of Mercy.

Grammar Department:

P., John G. Allen.

S., Miss E. J. Eaton.

T., Miss Emily Manvel.

Intermediate Department:

P., Miss B. E. Randail.

S., Miss E. H. Duryee.

T., Miss S. W. Howe.

Primary Department:

P., Miss N. E. Lucas.

S., Miss S. Van Bergh.

T., Miss S. M. Mahon.

Rochester, N. Y. Young Men's Christian Association Band of Mercy.

P., F. D. L. Helmer.

S., Louis E. Smith.

T., John Skinner.

Philadelphia, Pa.

Mrs. Cora A. Syme.

Clover Depot, Halifax Co., Va.

Mary E. Miles.

The New Order of Chivalry.

For the benefit of those wishing to form Bands of Mercy I will answer the following questions:

Question. Where, besides in the public schools, should Bands of Mercy be formed?

Answer. I answer, everywhere! Some of our most successful Bands have been established outside the schools by individuals in the communities where they reside. A poor Boston mechanic has formed a Band composed of the roughest boys he can pick up in the streets. They hold their meetings at his shop, and he is educating them.

They have been established in large numbers of our Protestant Sunday schools connected with leading churches of all denominations; and the Roman Catholic Band in the Boston Cathedral numbers alone, as I am informed, nearly or quite fifteen hundred teachers and scholars.

Ques. Should older people join them?

Ans. Of course, everybody, man or woman, who is in favor of mercy, and protection for the weak. Among the first members were Governor Long of Massachusetts, the Mayor of Boston, the Chief Justice of our Commonwealth, the Archbishop of Boston, the leading editors of our educational, religious, and other papers, and hundreds of other prominent citizens. You will find their cards of membership in their offices and homes. On public occasions some of them wear their badges.

Ques. Should they be established in colleges, universities, conservatories of music, and other of our higher educational institutions?

Ans. Certainly. We have just formed one in Boston University, with the President of the University as its President. Two or three weeks since we formed a very large one in the Boston Conservatory of Music, Prof. Eben Tourjee, the head of the institution, being its President.

Ques. Will they not add to the labors of teachers in the schools?

Ans. I answer, the experiment will cost nothing. It requires only half a sheet of note paper on which to write the pledge, "I will TRY to be kind to all harmless living creatures, and TRY to protect them from cruel usage." Your Band may be as large or as small as you please, and you may give just as little or much time to it as you find, by experience, to be profitable. Children and youth are always deeply interested in songs, poems, and stories, of mercy and chivalry; and in many schools, both of higher and lower grades, where bands are already established, the happiest results are being obtained.

"But," you may say, "the children will want the beautiful membership cards, and the badges, and our school regulations prohibit the introduction into the schools of anything that costs money."

To this I answer, that there ought to be in every school district, some man or woman who would esteem it a pleasure to make a hundred children happy by presenting each with a two-cent card, to be hung up in each child's home. One lady in Massachusetts, Mrs. Wm. Appleton of Boston, has given more than 200,000 humane educational pictorial cards to the school children of her own and other States. There ought to be some other woman or man who would deem it also a pleasure to present each of the hundred children a six-cent badge. I think it would be money well invested, "blessing both him that gives, and him that takes."

I addressed, a few weeks since, the teachers of the city of Cambridge, Mass. Forty of them have already applied for membership books to form Bands in their schools.

Ques. But why carry them into the Sunday schools?

Ans. I answer, the object of Sunday schools is to teach Christianity, and the doctrine of mercy is a very prominent part of the gospel which Christ came on earth to proclaim; and if we follow Christ's example we shall certainly strive to teach in ways that are most interesting.

It will not harm the best boy or girl to wear a badge on which is inscribed, "Glory to God," "Peace on Earth," "Good Will to All." And when I say ALL, I would add, are we not taught in the Bible that the birds of the air, and the beasts of the field, and the cattle on a thousand hills are His?

Here, too, as in day schools, the experiment need not cost anything, and as much or little time may be given to it as shall be found by experience to be judicious. In leading Sunday schools of all denominations where Bands have been already established, most satisfactory results are being obtained, and I believe the time is surely coming when Bands of Mercy will be universally recognized, in the words of another, as "branches of God's church."

Ques. But you would not advise boys or girls to undertake to form Bands without the aid of older persons, would you?

Ans. One of the most interesting Bands in Boston is composed entirely of boys and girls, and is most ably presided over by the little son of one of our prominent educators, (Willie Orcutt,) and several of our prominent citizens have thought it not beneath their dignity to deliver addresses before this Band. The machinery is so simple that any boy or girl of ordinary intelligence, fourteen years old, can form a Band, have a President chosen, and regular meetings begun. In families of half a dozen children a family Band may be formed. It can do no harm, and may do much good. I know of one lady who has organized such a Band. Probably there are many others.

Ques. Can those who join these Bands kill birds, butterflies, &c., for scientific collections and purposes?

Ans. That is a question for each to decide according to his or her own conscience. We only ask that you TRY to be kind to all HARMLESS LIVING creatures. If you are sure they OUGHT TO BE killed, then kill them in the most merciful way. If you are NOT SURE, lean to the side of mercy, and don't kill them.

Ques. But shall we not be compelled to give up hunting and fishing?

Ans. Certainly not; those creatures that were intended for human food must be killed. We only ask that they be killed in most merciful ways. And those creatures that prey upon mankind, and upon other harmless animals, it will often be the duty of a member of the Band of Mercy to kill. There is nothing in our pledge to prevent your shooting the wolf that enters your sheepfold, or the HUMAN WOLF that enters your house at midnight, to rob—and if need be, murder!

Ques. But will not the Bands of Mercy unfit our boys for soldiers?

Ans. Well, we hope the time is coming sometime, and we want to help hasten it a little if we can, when all questions shall be settled by the ballot box, and not by the bayonet. But, in the meantime, I see no reason why a merciful man should be less brave than a brutal one. In a fight for God and my country, I should certainly not select a regiment of thieves, burglars, and roughs, from the slums of any of our cities. I should prefer a regiment from Christian and cultured homes. There was no braver knight in the middle ages than one Bayard, who has come down to us in history as the "knight without fear and without reproach." The first Napoleon said that "God was always on the side of the heaviest battalions." He died a broken-hearted exile on St. Helena. Washington believed that God was on the side of RIGHT. He died, the Father of his Country! and to this day the bell of every steamer that plows the waters of the Potomac, when passing the tomb of Washington, tolls a requiem to his memory.

It may be that among those who read this paper will be an honest atheist who would object to his children wearing a badge on which is inscribed, glory to the God he does not believe in.

Well, it is not necessary that your children should wear the badge to be members of the Band of Mercy. But suppose they do, what is the harm? Can you prove there is no God?—no future life? that the purest, noblest, and holiest, at

death, fare precisely the same as the vilest, and most wicked? Do you know any more about it than Agassiz, who believed there is a future life, even for some of the lower animals? Even if it were so, will it hurt your little son or daughter to hope there may be a God and a future life, where the wrongs of this one will be made right? *Don't you think there ought to be?* Don't you believe that if there were nothing else in this matter than simply to teach mercy to all harmless creatures, both human and dumb, it would be a good thing, on the whole, to do it? Wouldn't it make the world happier and better, even if there were no God? If you are honest I am sure there can be but one answer to this question. Then don't oppose the Bands of Mercy; you can do a better service for your children and your country by helping them.

Ques. But will all these Bands live and bear fruit?

Ans. God only knows! We hope they will.

It is our business to preach the gospel of mercy, and form its Bands far and wide, and do our best to make them a mighty power in this nation and the world, for good; but we never forget that while Paul may plant, and Apollos water, God alone can give the increase. We intend to do our duty, and leave results with God.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

May, 1883.

Mr. Angell will cheerfully answer other questions. Address him, or call at 96 Tremont St., Boston, entrance on Montgomery Place.

The Mound Street School Band of Mercy, of Columbus, Ohio, has, we are informed, about 700 members. We acknowledge receipt of the following pleasant letter:—

COLUMBUS, O., May 7, 1883.

Dear Sir:

We have remembered you by planting a honey suckle vine on Arbor Day. All our school belong to the Band of Mercy. My teacher has read a good many stories about being kind to animals. I like to hear them. I am trying to be kind to animals and would like for other people to do the same. I am in the second reader in the Mound St. school.

From your dear little "Band of Mercy" boy
SAMMIE KARSHNER.

[For Our Dumb Animals.]

A Prayer, Acrostically Arranged, by a Member of one of the Cambridge Bands of Mercy.

Maker of Love!
Enshrined above,
Remember us in mercy,
Cherish us in love,
Inspire us with Thy goodness,
Fill every heart with grace,
Unite us all in tenderness,
Like children of one race.

—M. J. H.

Cambridge.

[We thank M. J. H. for this beautiful prayer.]
—EDITOR.]

What is Love?

Walter, aged five, sat in his aunt's lap, and was telling how many he loved. There was papa, and mamma, his aunts; old Tray, Flossie, the cat, and the little girl next door. His aunt said, "What is love, Walter?"

The little fellow wrinkled his nose in deep thought; he wasn't used to grappling with abstract questions. At last he said, "I can't tell what love is, auntie, but I feel it." Could any of us give a better definition?

How Father Cured His Horse.

Well, said Reuben, the story-teller, father always wanted a horse, because the folks in Greene live scattered, and he had so far to go to attend funerals and weddings and visit schools, you know; but he never felt as if he could afford to buy one. But one day he was coming afoot from Hildreth, and a stranger asked him to ride.

Father said, "That's a handsome horse you're driving. I should like to own such a horse myself."

"What will you give for him?" said the man.

"Do you want to sell?" says father.

"Yes, I do, and I'll sell cheap, too," says he.

"Oh well," says father, "it's no use talking, for I haven't the money to buy with."

"Make me an offer," said he.

"Well, just to put an end to the talk," father says, "I'll give you seventy-five dollars for the horse."

"You may have him," says the man, as quick as a flash, "but you'll repent of your bargain in a week."

"Why, what ails the horse?" says father.

"Ails him? He's got the 'Old Nick' in him, that's what ails him," says he. "If he has a will to go, he'll go; but if he takes a notion to stop, all creation can't start him. I've stood and beat that horse till the sweat ran off me in streams: I've fired a gun close to his ears; I've burnt shavings under him. I might have beat him to death, or roasted him alive, before he'd have budged an inch."

"I'll take the horse," says father. "What's his name?"

"George," says the man.

"I shall call him Georgie," said father.

Well, father brought him home, and we boys were pleased, and we fixed a place for him in the barn, and curried him down and fed him well, and father said, "Talk to him, boys, and let him know you feel friendly."

So we coaxed and petted him, and the next morning father harnessed him, and got into the wagon to go. But Georgie wouldn't stir a step. Father got out and patted him, and we brought him apples and clover-tops, and once in a while father would say, "Get up, Georgie," but he didn't strike the horse a blow. By and by he says, "This is going to take time. Well, Georgie, we'll see which has the most patience, you or I." So he sat in the wagon and took out his skeletons,—

"Skeletons?" said Poppet, inquiringly.

Of sermons, you know. Ministers always carry round a little book to put things into they think of when they are out walking or riding, or hoeing in the garden.

Well, father sat full two hours before the horse was ready to start; but when he did there was no more trouble for that day. The next morning 'twas the same thing over again, only Georgie gave in a little sooner. All the while it seemed as if father couldn't do enough for the horse. He was round the stable, feeding him and fussing over him, and talking to him in his pleasant, gentle way; and the third morning, when he had fed and curried him and harnessed him with his own hands, somehow there was a different look in the horse's eyes. But when father was ready to go, Georgie put his feet together and laid his ears back and wouldn't stir. Well, Dove was playing about the yard, and she brought her stool and climbed up by the horse's head.

"Dove, tell what you said to Georgie that morning."

"I gave him an awful talking to," said the little girl. "I told him it was perfectly 'edulous for him to act so; that he'd come to a real good place to live, where everybody helped everybody: that he was a minister's horse, and God would not love him if he wasn't a good horse. That's what I told him. And then I kissed him on the nose."

"And what did Georgie do?"

"Why, he heard every word I said, and when I got through he felt so 'shamed of himself he

couldn't hold up his head; so he just dropped it till it 'most touched the ground, and he looked as sheepish as if he had been stealing a hundred sheep."

"Yes," said Reuben, "and when father told him to go he was off like a shot. He has never made any trouble since. That's the way father cured a balky horse. And that night when he was unharnessing, he rubbed his head against his shoulder, and told him, as plain as a horse could speak, that he was sorry. He's tried to make it up with father ever since, for the trouble he made him. When he's loose in the pasture, father has only to stand at the bars and call his name, and he walks up as quiet as an old sheep. Why, I've seen him back himself between the shafts of the wagon many a time, to save father trouble. Father wouldn't take two hundred dollars for the horse to-day. He eats anything you give him. Sis very often brings out some of her dinner to him."

"He likes to eat out of a plate," said Dove; "it makes him think he's folks."

—Evangelist.

The Little Bird.

A little bird, with feathers brown,
Sat singing on a tree—
The song was very soft and low,
But sweet as it could be.

And all the people passing by,
Looked up to see the bird,
That made the sweetest melody
That ever they had heard.

But all the bright eyes looked in vain,
For birdie was so small,
And with a modest, dark-brown coat,
He made no show at all.

"Why, papa," little Gracie said,
"Where can this birdie be?
If I could sing a song like that,
I'd sit where folks could see."

"I hope my little girl will learn
A lesson from that bird,
And try to do what good she can,
Not to be seen or heard.

"This birdie is content to sit
Unnoticed by the way,
And sweetly sing his Maker's praise
From dawn to close of day.

"So live, my child, all through your life,
That be it short or long,
Though others may forget your looks,
They'll not forget your song."

Forever.

A little girl whom we know came in her night-clothes very early to her mother one morning, saying, "Which is worse, mamma, to tell a lie, or to steal?" The mother, taken by surprise, replied, that both were so bad that she couldn't tell which was the worst. "Well," said the little one, "I've been thinking a good deal about it, and I've concluded it's worse to lie than to steal. If you steal a thing you can take it back, 'less you've eaten it; and if you've eaten it you can pay for it. But"—and there was a look of awe in the little face—"a lie is forever!"

English school inspector, (who notices a backwardness in history): "Who signed Magna Charta?" (No answer.) Inspector, (more urgently): "Who signed Magna Charta?" (No answer.) Inspector, (angrily): "Who signed Magna Charta?" Little boy, at whom he looked severely: "Please, sir, 'twasn't me, sir!"

The *Elmira Gazette* tells of a woman who applied for a place as driver on the canal. "Can you manage mules?" asked an employer. "I've had two husbands," she replied.

OUR DUMB ANIMALS.

BOSTON, JUNE, 1883.

The Directors' May Meeting

Was held on Wednesday, the 18th. President Angell in the chair. The April record was read and approved. The April cash account was read and referred to the Finance Committee.

President Angell reported 120 cases of alleged cruelty investigated and dealt with last month, and 49 animals humanely killed. Upwards of four hundred Bands of Mercy now formed and forming, with about forty-two thousand members.

Mrs. Ellen M. Gifford, of New Haven, Conn., has given the Society twenty thousand dollars to be expended in building and sustaining a sheltering home for homeless, neglected, abused, and deserted animals, where they can be kindly cared for or humanely killed. The building will be at once erected on land donated by Mr. Nathan Appleton.

A Noble Gift.

Our friends will be rejoiced to learn that Mrs. Ellen M. Gifford, of New Haven, Conn., has presented to the Massachusetts Society P. C. A., twenty thousand dollars, to be used as follows:

\$10,000, or thereabouts, in the erection of a building, which it has been decided to call the "Mrs. Ellen M. Gifford Sheltering Home for Animals," in other words, a sheltering home for homeless, sick, and infirm animals, where they can receive kind treatment, and, if necessary, a merciful death. The remainder of the \$20,000 is to be invested by the trustees of our permanent fund, the income only to be used in supporting the home. Messrs. Nathan Appleton, Percival L. Everett, and David Nevins, have been appointed a committee of the Directors to proceed at once to erect the building on land already selected, and donated to the Society by Mr. Nathan Appleton, chairman of the committee.

"Cats."

In the neighborhood where I reside a large number of families shut up their houses and spend the summer at watering places. Before they leave they secure their silver, their household valuables, and the gentlemen look after their pet dogs; but the cats are not unfrequently forgotten. In many instances I have known they have been left to starve, or depend upon what they can pick up in the neighborhood. Is this right?

A LADY SUBSCRIBER.

[No!—EDITOR.]

EDITOR "OUR DUMB ANIMALS:"

I take pleasure in saying that the recent trip of one of the "Burton" Stock Cars from Chicago to Boston was an entire success, as regards the comfort of the animals in transit, and their condition on arrival.

NATHAN APPLETON,
Chairman Com. on Transportation, &c.

Check Reins

Were fortunately very unfashionable at Newport last year. They often inflict great cruelty to horses. We hope every man and woman who loves the horse will try, this summer, to relieve, during the hot weather at least, as many horses as possible.

End of Pigeon-Shooting.

There are to be no more tournaments of doves, says the *London World*, and the acceptance by the House of Commons of the second reading of the measure embodying this decree marks the beginning of a movement which will prove to be what is called epoch-making in English civilization. All the evidence was in one direction: no one seriously attempted to controvert or palliate the facts. What will most surprise those who read the discussion some years hence is that such a sport could have remained so long a recognized institution. The whole thing went by the board. It had but to be investigated and attacked, and it was seen how mean, monstrous, and rotten it was.

Pigeon shooting, whether among the high or low, the West End or the pot-house marksmen, is mainly resorted to as an opportunity for gambling, and the frauds associated with it result in the infliction of the most odious atrocities upon the bird. The trapper treats each pigeon according as he wants it to be an easy or a difficult shot. If the former, he squeezes the fragile frame-work so that the bird can scarcely fly; if the latter, he peppers the wounds, so that it rises wildly in an agony of pain when the trap is drawn.

These inhumanities, it must be remembered, are not the hateful accidents of the sport, but an essential part of its system. The goring out of eyes, the torturing of quivering bodies by pins, the pulling out of feathers with the flesh sticking to them, are horrors inseparable from the pastime.

Such was the unanswerd or unchallenged indictment brought against the chosen sport of Hurlingham. Even those who opposed the bill condemned pigeon-shooting, and those who did not condemn pigeon-shooting, professed themselves scandalized with the horrors imputed to it by Mr. Anderson, but never denied their existence, merely saying that they were not personally cognizant of them, or expressing a faint hope that they were not universal in practice. All the tendencies of legitimate sport in the present are manly. The impulse which takes our sportsmen far away to the wild West, to the Caucasus, or to Cashmere, which makes them increasingly anxious to put themselves against veritable *feræ naturæ*, is worthy of admiration and encouragement on every ground. Pigeon-shooting must, therefore, be regarded, not only as an abomination, but as an anachronism. That its prohibition by law indicates a great change in our attitude toward the brute creation is undoubted.

Our Canary

Has been much troubled this spring by little brown or red lice or bugs, the largest not larger than the head of a pin. They come from the ground in the spring, climb the sides of the house, come in through the cracks of the windows, and feed on house plants, and on the bird. If not destroyed they will torture, and finally kill. We were obliged to take our bird from the window, and every night spread a towel over his cage, on which we would find and kill them each morning. We write this to caution our friends to look out for their canaries.

Portland, Me., S. P. C. A., last year investigated 330 complaints and prosecuted 7. Received \$912.87, and spent \$428.69. Hon. Chas. McLaughlin re-elected President, Octavia C. Carroll, Treasurer, and C. G. Haines, Secretary.

Pittsburg, Penn., Society, Prof. Leonard H. Eaton, President, J. G. Walter and others, Vice-Presidents, James L. Cravens, Secretary, has dealt with 193 cases of cruelty to Animals during the past year, and 182 of cruelty to children. Receipts, \$1,459.05, and expenses, \$1,447.52.

Buffalo.

The Buffalo Ladies' Society P. C. A., for the purpose of admitting gentlemen to membership, has now become "The Buffalo Branch for Erie Co. of the American S. P. C. A.," with Rev. Dr. John W. Brown, President, E. A. Rockwood and Mrs. Dr. L. A. Long, Vice-Presidents, Mrs. J. N. Tift, Secretary, Wm. Woltge, Treasurer, and Mrs. John C. Lord as permanent Honorary President during life. H. C. Day and James O. Putnam were chosen the Society's counsel.

Resolutions in honor of Mrs. Lord, who was the founder of the Society, and thanking the Secretary, Mrs. Tift, were unanimously passed. Very satisfactory reports were made of Bands of Mercy recently formed. It is evident that the Buffalo Society intends to increase its power and influence for the protection of all God's creatures that cannot protect themselves.

Our Director, Mrs. Geo. L. Chaney, with her husband, are actively at work at Atlanta, Georgia. A public meeting is to be soon held there to strengthen the S. P. C. A., at which the Governor and others will deliver addresses.

The Calcutta Society prosecuted, during 1882, 4,627 cases of cruelty, and convicted 4,540 persons.

How Can Boys and Girls Do Good to Animals?

There is probably no one of you boys and girls who read this who may not, if you will, do some kindness to animals. Every month after you have read this little paper yourselves let your playmates read it, and you will thus be teaching them to love the beautiful creatures God has given us, and loving them, to love Him who made them.

When you see boys robbing birds' nests or stoning birds, or squirrels, or other harmless animals, or shooting them, or catching, destroying, or tormenting them, tell such boys that all these have their mates and companions just as we have, and feel pain just as we do, and are perhaps as fond of life and liberty as we are, and were all created and put here for useful purposes, and ask them what fun there can be in killing or wounding them, or making them suffer. Ask them whether it is brave to torment the weak, whether it would not be nobler and more honorable to protect, and more pleasing to our Father in Heaven, who created and cares for them all? And the larger animals,—you will have many chances for doing them good. Feed them; give them water; speak kindly to them; try to make them happy, and see how grateful they will be, and how much they will love you for it, and how happy it will make you to see them happy. My young friends, every kind act you can do for the weak and defenceless will make you happier, nobler, and better; all good people will love you and respect you the more for it, and as your bodies grow your hearts will grow larger and richer, to bless the world.

—Geo. T. Angell.

The Sparrow.

Nowhere in the world are there more birds than in Germany and Switzerland. The law protects them. In any little grove or large garden you will hear the warbling of hundreds of birds of many kinds. Where we have hundreds of sparrows they have millions, and yet the other birds seem to hold their own very well. In England, when a cold storm comes, the papers remind the people to "feed the sparrows." Mr. Brewer, the eminent ornithologist, was instrumental in introducing them into this country, after a careful consideration of the whole subject. Not the sparrows, but *man*, is driving away our native birds.

—Letter in Boston Transcript.

A True Story for Little Children.

In Genesee, N. Y., there lived two robins who had a family of young. One day the mother-robin was teaching them to fly; but they could not fly very well. The last little one happened to be rather weak; and it fluttered down and fell on the ground. Just then a naughty cat sprang out from among the bushes, and put her paw on the little bird as if she were going to eat it. But the father and mother knew what to do; they called several other robins, and in a minute they all flew down, and pecked at the old cat till she was glad to take her paw off the little bird, and run into the house for protection. The little bird was unhurt, and the naughty cat frightened. I think she will not trouble the robins again very soon, for she was well punished.

—Leonora.

A really great man is known by three signs,—generosity in the design, humanity in the execution, and moderation in success.

—Bismarck.

A New Mother Hubbard.

Miss Polly Betsy Patterson,
In a Mother Hubbard cloak
And a Mother Hubbard bonnet,
With a most bewitching poke,

One morning met a curly dog,
He was of medium size—
His ears were drooped, his tail was limp,
And the tears stood in his eyes.

Said Polly to the curly dog:
"Why do you look so sad?"
"Because," replied he, with a sniff,
"The times are very bad."

"You see," said he, "the streets are full
Of little Mother Hubbards,
But though I've wagged my tail 'most off,
They never speak of cupboards."

Said Polly Betsy: "Come with me,
'Twould melt a heart of stone!
I'll give you lots of bread and milk,
And a juicy mutton bone."

She took him home and fed him well;
His tears were turned to laughter;
And now, wherever Polly goes,
The curly dog trots after.

—St. Nicholas.

A Bright Boy.

A small boy in one of our public schools was asked where the zenith was. He replied: "The spot in the heavens directly over one's head." To test his knowledge further the teacher asked: "Can two persons have the same zenith at the same time?" "They can." "How?" "One can stand on the other's shoulders!"

Dog and Telephone.

The dogs have got to using the telephone already. A Rhode Island gentleman owns a pet dog, Pat, and one day they became separated while on a visit to Providence. The gentleman had frequently been at a telephone office, and there Pat sought for him. The operator, understanding the case, telephoned to a store where he thought the dog's owner might be, and finding him there asked him to speak to Pat. He did so. The operator held the instrument to Pat's ear, and the dog gave a joyful bark at the sound of his master's voice. Then he was let out and darted off to find him, as though he knew exactly where to go.



THE CAT AND THE ROBINS.

Alabama.

We call special attention to the law just passed in Alabama:

AN ACT TO PREVENT CRUELTY TO ANIMALS.

SECTION 1. Be it enacted by the General Assembly of Alabama.—Any person who may override, overdrive, overload, torture, torment, deprive of necessary sustenance, or cruelly beat, or needlessly mutilate, or cause or procure to be overridden, overdriven, overloaded, tortured, deprived of necessary sustenance, or cruelly beaten, or needlessly mutilated, or killed as aforesaid, any domestic animal, shall be guilty of a misdemeanor, and must, on conviction, be fined NOT LESS THAN TEN, nor more than one hundred dollars.

SECTION 2. Be it further enacted,—That it shall be the duty of any officer of the law, county or municipal, and it shall be lawful for any other person, to arrest and bring before a justice of the peace, any person violating the provisions of this Act, and shall, upon conviction of the person arrested, be entitled to the sum of two dollars, which shall be taxed as part of the costs: and any officer herein named, failing or neglecting to arrest such offender, shall be liable to a fine of not less than ten dollars for each and every offence.

E. A. O'NEIL, Governor.

ELLIS PHELAN, Secretary of State.

Large Hearted Lumbermen.

We learn from one of the boys lately down from the woods of an incident characteristic of the big hearted lumbermen in our northern pineries, says a Wisconsin paper. A chopper named Hennessey, who got chipped by a falling tree last winter, and who is entirely unable to work, got a basket and some \$10 worth of articles useful to the boys in camp, such as pins, needles, etc., and went into camp to peddle them. At the first camp he struck, one of Sherry's, the boys bought his entire outfit, paid him the cash, gave him a good supper and a bunk for the night, and on the following morning, when he was about to depart, the boys gave him back his entire outfit, and sent him on his way to sell again. The next camp treated him in the same way, and the next, until Hennessey, with tears in his eyes, told the boys he could now go to his home in Weyauwega, and start a little business whereby to help support his wife and children.

A Faithful Elephant.

There is a beautiful story of an old elephant engaged in a battle on the plains of India. He was a standard-bearer, and carried on his huge back the royal ensign, the rallying point of the Poona host. At the beginning of the fight he lost his master. The mahout, or driver, had just given him the word to halt when he received a fatal wound and fell to the ground, where he lay under a heap of slain. The obedient elephant stood still while the battle closed round him and the standard he carried. He never stirred a foot, refusing to advance or retire as the conflict became hotter and fiercer, until the Mahrattas, seeing the standard still flying steadily in its place, refused to believe that they were being beaten, and rallied again and again round the colors. And all this while, amid the din of battle, the patient animal stood straining its ears to catch the sound of that voice it would never hear again.

At length the tide of conquest left the field deserted. The Mahrattas swept on in pursuit of the flying foe, but the elephant, like a rock, stood

there, with the dead and dying around, and the ensign flying in its place.

For three days and nights it remained where its master had given the command to halt. No bribe nor threat could move it. They then sent to a village, one hundred miles away, and brought the Mahout's little son. The noble hero seemed then to remember how the driver had sometimes given his authority to the little child, and immediately, with all the shattered trappings clanking as he went, paced quietly and slowly away.

—Exchange.

Don't Kill the Birds.

Sir Charles Napier, one of the best and bravest soldiers the world has ever seen, once declared that, though he and his brothers were fond of shooting in their boyhood, they gave it up, because they thought it cowardly to kill such harmless creatures. It would do no harm if many of our sportsmen would follow their example, with regard to the most of the birds they shoot. Policy ought to teach us to kill only such birds as are destructive, or really large enough to furnish food; for, as a general thing, the destruction of birds is a positive evil to the country. Their principal food consists of just such worms and insects as the farmer and fruit-grower has to contend with; and they render him a service that he little dreams of. A nest of a blackbird, linnet, chaffinch, or wren, contains generally about four little ones. The parent bird gives to those about sixty caterpillars a day, and eats about sixty more himself, making a hundred and twenty per day for each nest. Other worms are destroyed in an equal and sometimes a greater proportion. Now, as these birds decrease, the insects on which they feed increase. Let any one take a robin and open his crop. It will be found full of the worms most fatal to the farmer's hopes.

How unnatural, then, is the practice of killing small birds, or of driving them away! In return for the few bites of fruit, the seeds they may take, they render services, the value of which cannot be estimated.

This matter we are glad to say, is becoming better understood, and farmers are beginning to encourage the visits of these little friends, and to protect them against harm.

Old age is the night of life, as night is the old age of the day. Still, night is full of magnificence; and for many it is more brilliant than day.

Musical Taste in Animals.

Some years ago my father lived in an old hall in the neighborhood of one of our large towns. The grounds were extensive. It was his delight to have a sort of model farm, which gave me many opportunities of studying the different characters of the various animals upon it. Then I saw the influence of music upon many of them. There was a beautiful horse, the pride and delight of us all; and like many others, he had an unconquerable dislike to be caught. My father had so trained him to obedience that he gave very little trouble; a whistle and a wave of the hand, and Robert would come to be saddled. But if left to our old gardener, Willy, he would lead him a chase, generally ending in defeat. One very hot summer day I was sitting at work in the garden, when Willy appeared, streaming with perspiration. "What is the matter, Will?" "Matter enough, Miss. There's that Robert, the uncanny beast; he won't be caught, all I can do or say. I've give him corn, and one of the best pears off the tree; but he's too deep for me,—he snatched the pear, kicked up his heels, and off he is, laughing at me at the bottom of the meadow."

I was very sorry for the old man, but I did not clearly see how to catch the delinquent. I could well believe he was laughing at our old friend, for he was a curious animal.

"Well, Willy, what will I do? He won't let me catch him, you know."

"Ay, but, Miss, if you will only just go in and begin a toon on the peanner; cook says he will come up to the fence and hearken, for he is always a-doing that, and maybe I can slip behind and catch him."

I went in at once, not expecting my stratagem to succeed. But in a few minutes the saucy creature was standing quietly listening while I played "Scots wha ha'e wi' Wallace bled." The halter was soon round his neck; and he went away to be harnessed quite happy and contented.

There was a great peculiarity about his taste for music. He never would stay to listen to a plaintive song. I soon observed this. If I played "Scots wha ha'e," he would listen well pleased. If I changed the measure and expression, playing the same air plaintively, as for instance in the "Land o' the Leal," he would toss his head and walk away, as if to say, "That's not my sort of music." Changing to something martial he would return and listen.

In this respect he entirely differed from a beautiful cow we had. She had an awful temper. Old Willy used to say: "She is the most contrariest beast under the sun." If she were in one of her ill-humors, it was with the greatest difficulty she could be milked. She never would go with the other cows at milking time. Nancy be milked with *them*!—that was a thing not to be thought of. She liked the cook; and when not too busy, cook would manage Miss Nancy. But if she were not very careful, up would go Nancy's foot, and over would go the milk-pail. When the cook milked her, it was always close to the fence, near the drawing-room. If I were playing she would stand perfectly still, yielding her milk without any trouble, and would remain until I ceased. As long as I played plaintive music,—"The Land o' the Leal," "Home, Sweet Home," "Robin Adair," any sweet, tender air,—she seemed entranced. I have tried her, and changed to martial music, whereupon she invariably walked away.

I could give many instances of a love for music in animals. I will give another. I was sitting in the drawing-room one evening, singing to mamma. It was a double room with folding doors. She was in one where there was a lamp. In my room, which was unlighted, the window was open, and close to the window was a stand for music. When I ceased playing I heard a peculiar sound, and was conscious there was something in the room. I called for a light. There, sitting on the stand, was a large white owl. He looked far less surprised than we did. In a minute or two he stepped quietly out of the window and flew away. After this we did not leave the lower sash of the

window open; but the owl still came, and sat upon the stone outside, listening.

—Chambers's Journal.

Old Faithful.

Argus was an old watch-dog, and belonged to a farmer's family in Albany, N. H. Having long outlived his usefulness (as it was presumed,) his owners had determined to put him out of the way, and had several times disposed of him, they thought, but he had always returned to them alive and well.

Finally a neighbor called one day, with his rifle in his hand. He had been out after a fox. One of the boys laid in with him to take Argus out in the woods and shoot him. The old dog was always crazy to follow a gun. He lay in the shed and heard the conversation, and when, finally the rifleman called to him, he got up and followed him out,—followed him around to the rear of the barn, and there disappeared.

It would seem that he understood exactly the meaning of the compact which had been framed against his life. At all events he disappeared, and for six days we saw him not, though two or three times we fancied we could detect his tracks, where he had been at the swill-tub during the night.

During the seventh day of the dog's absence soap had been made and boiled down, and a heavy baking done in the old oven. Somewhat past midnight all hands were aroused by the barking and howling, and whining and scratching, of old Argus. We knew the voice, but we were determined not to let him in. He redoubled his cries and his scratching upon the door.

At length the head of the family, in his wrath, took down a loaded musket—loaded for a hawk—threw up a window of the sitting-room. No sooner was the sash raised than the old dog came in with a bound, and without stopping to see what his reception was to be, he leaped through the door opening from the great kitchen out into the wash-room and wood-shed, where he howled and scratched like one possessed.

John and I knew that something must be wrong outside, so we unfastened the door, and as we opened it the dog bounded out to the shed, where there was a great wooden box half filled with ashes.

But we had to go no further to learn what was the matter. The shed was filled with smoke, and a sharp crackling broke upon our ears. The ash-box was on fire, from coals which had been carelessly thrown in during the afternoon before, and the fire had taken to the dry pine partition between the shed and wash-room, and had made its way almost to the roof.

A smart wind was blowing, and in ten minutes more the fire would have been beyond our control, and those ten minutes would have been given to the enemy but for the dog. As it was, having water handy, we put out the fire with only the loss of an ash-box and a part of the partition; but the experience gained was worth more than that.

Grand old dog! He had crept to the house to satisfy his hunger from the poor swill-bucket, fearing death if he were discovered; but when he found danger to the family,—a danger which he must have comprehended, instantly and completely,—he thought no more of self; to save those whom he had loved became his sole object, and how he did it we have seen. Be sure there was no more thought of killing that dog, nor of giving him away.

Franklin Day of Augusta, Me., fired at a muskrat in the Kennebec River with a rifle on Saturday. The bullet struck the water, glanced upward, went through a window seventy feet above the surface, and passing within two inches of John Murphy's head, struck the ceiling and fell to the floor. Mr. Murphy is keeping the bullet as a reminder and memorial of his narrow escape, but the muskrat seems to have been quite as fortunate.

—Boston Transcript.

[For Our Dumb Animals.]

To A. B. H.

A TOKEN OF AFFECTION FROM A STRANGER TO THE MEMORY OF "OLD JIM," THE GOOD HORSE WHOSE DEATH WAS ANNOUNCED IN MARCH "OUR DUMB ANIMALS."

You shall meet him again! for never
Demand of the soul is in vain;
And the Infinite Love and Compassion
O'er all doth omnipotent reign.
What He once gives is given forever,
Though kept from the longing of sight;
Precious heart-links that Time cannot sever
Grow welded in strength 'neath its flight.

The dear and familiar presence,
The look from his *soulful* eyes,—
You will miss it below here, forever!
But Time, it so quickly flies,
And Beyond we shall *all* be gathered
In the Father's world-wide embrace,
That enfoldeth His speechless creatures,
As well as the human race.

Do you tell me the thief who snatches
The widow's and orphan's crust
May live in a life immortal,
Forgiven, and pure, and just,
While the beautiful life, so blameless,
Whose love and fidelity
Put to shame all *our* self-abnegation,
Has no part in futurity?

Can there be immortal glory
For the vilest of brutal men,
While the truest and noblest companion
We never may meet again?
Imperfect the bliss we are promised
In life of expansion above,
If the lowliest friend of the earth-life
Shares not in the meeting of love.

Honest Jim! noble heart! faithful servant!
The praise thou hast earned is thine;
Thou art worthy the place where immortal
The virtues of being shine.
Not in vain is the longing given
Where the void in the heart is drear;
It *must* be, the beauty of heaven
Holds all we have cherished here.

—Cora Wilburn.

Undine Spring, Brighton, April 24, 1883.

Rules for the Treatment of Balky Horses.

1. Pat the horse on the neck, examine the harness carefully, first on one side and then on the other, speak encouragingly while doing so, then jump into the wagon and give the word, go; generally he will obey.

2. A teamster in Maine says he can start the worst balky horse by taking him out of the shafts and making him go round in a circle. If the first dance of this kind does not cure him the second will be sure to.

3. Simply place your hand over the horse's nose and shut off the wind till he wants to go; then let him go.

4. The brains of horses seem to entertain but one idea at a time; thus continued whipping only confirms his stubborn resolve. If you can, by any means, give him a new subject to think of, you will have no trouble in starting. A simple remedy is to take a couple of turns of stout twine around the fore leg, just below the knee, and tie in a bow knot. At the first chance he will go dancing off, and after going a short distance you can get out and remove the string, to prevent injury in your further drive.

The Baroness Burdett-Coutts Bartlett owns the smallest pony in the world. It stands thirteen inches high, and is five years of age.

A Close, Hard Man.

A hard, close man was Solomon Ray,
Nothing of value he gave away;
He hoarded and saved;
He pinched and shaved;
And the more he had the more he craved.
The hard-earned dollar he tried to gain
Brought him little but care and pain;
For little he spent,
And all he lent,
He made it bring him twenty per cent.
Such was the life of Solomon Ray,
The years went by and his hair grew gray;
His cheeks grew thin,
And his soul within
Grew hard as the dollars he worked to win.
But he died one day, as all men must,
For life is fleeting and man but dust.
The heirs were gay
That laid him away,
And that was the end of Solomon Ray.
They quarrelled now who had little cared
For Solomon Ray while his life was spared.
His lands were sold,
And his hard-earned gold
All went to the lawyers, I am told.
Yet men will cheat and pinch and save,
Nor carry their treasures beyond the grave;
All their gold some day
Will melt away,
Like the selfish savings of Solomon Ray.

Funny Chimpanzees.

The keeper of the chimpanzees at the Zoological Garden placed a doll-baby in their cage the other day. The doll was placed on the floor of the cage leaning against the wall. It was clothed in a red dress that attracted the attention of the chimpanzees in a moment. At first they stood at a respectful distance and "hoo-hoed" at it to show that they had not fallen in love with it at first sight. Then they began to stamp on the floor to scare it away.

Finding this unavailing, the big one dashed up to within a foot or two of the passive baby, stamping and chattering, but finding that the strange thing did not budge, she incontinently turned tail and fled. The little one was not to be outdone, although she was evidently greatly in fear of it. So she took her blanket and held it up before her while she approached, but she did not go far. After a little the big one got up courage enough to get quite near, so that, picking up a long straw, she could tickle the new comer under her chin. The doll never stirred. The end of the straw was examined and smelt of by the two animals, and, nothing specially harmful being found, they ventured to touch it. This was too great a test of courage, and both scampered to the top of their cage. They could not be induced to go back for some time, but, after awhile, curiosity got the better of fear, and they returned to the inspection, which was mostly confined to sitting in front of it and making faces at it.

Tom Manley, the keeper, tied the figure to a swinging rope. The big one dragged it by the hem of its garment to the box in which they sleep. They placed it inside, and at once executed a waltz on the top. The little one stopped her noisy sister with a cuff, and drew out the unfortunate. Then, sitting on the floor, she held it in her arms as if it had been a real baby of her own. After making evident fun of this soft-heartedness, the other pulled the doll away and deliberately sat upon its head. While she was endeavoring to regain the plaything the dress did not long remain intact. After this they hauled the body about the cage, up the tree and on to the cross-beam, and then threw it to the ground. One piece of the dress they used to make a neck-tie, and another was turned into a head-dress, which one of them adorned herself with before the mirror in the corner of the cage.

—Philadelphia Press.

Sorrowful Work.

I was out in the woods this mornin',
Afore you was up, I know;
And I killed a couple of pa'tridge
And a dozen squir'ls or so.
When comin' round the corner,
Thar by old Thrasher's Creek,
I seen somethin' down in the bushes,
A runnin' it like a streak.
I was allers proud of my shot, Phil,
Have won many a beef, you know;
And 'fore I thought, I jest jerked up,
And pulled down on that doe.
You better b'leve I fotch'd it,
As good as a mortal could;
For it jest drapped down on the grass there,
In a little red heap of blood.
I was up by its side in a minute;
But it seemed that I somehow shook
When them purty brown eyes come open
With a pitiful sort o' look.
I know I'm rough and ugly,
And they say I'm surprisin' bad;
But if I hadn't tetch'd that rife
I'd 'a' been uncommon glad.
For thar was a hole in the shoulder
Where you might 'a' stuck your fist,
And the big bright eyes was kivered
With somethin' that looked like mist.
But still they went straight through me,
Though how, I can never know,—
With a look like a little baby
That did not long ago.
It made me feel mighty quivery,
With one or two looks like these;
So I out with my knife in a second,
And put the poor thing at ease.
I dunno why I done it,
It was sorter ondignified,—
But I jest plumped down thar by it,
Right flat on the ground, and cried.
Well, yes, I guess I'm foolish,
And you may think less o' me, Phil,
But I wouldn't 'a' killed that critter
For a fifty-dollar bill.

—Kenton Murray.

Longfellow's Hiawatha.

"Then the little Hiawatha
Learned of every bird its language,
Learned their names and all their secrets,
How they built their nests in summer,
Where they hid themselves in winter,
Talked with them whenever he met them,
Called them 'Hiawatha's Chickens.'
Of all beasts he learned the language,
Learned their names and all their secrets.
How the beavers built their lodges,
Where the squirrels hid their acorns,
How the reindeer ran so swiftly,
Why the rabbit was so timid;
Talked with them whenever he met them,
Called them 'Hiawatha's Brothers.'
"The birds sang round him, o'er him,
'Do not shoot us, Hiawatha!'"

The squirrel

"Laughed and said between his laughing,
'Do not shoot me, Hiawatha!'"

The rabbit

"Sat erect upon his haunches,
Half in fear and half in frolic,
Saying to the little hunter,
'Do not shoot me, Hiawatha!'"

[For Our Dumb Animals.] "He Will be Hung!"

When I was a baby, my sisters, four and five years old, were taking me to ride in my carriage. Suddenly a rough, ugly boy came up to us, and saying, "I'll give that baby her breakfast!" crammed a handful of gravel into my mouth. My sisters, powerless to defend me, could only scream for help. Fortunately father was near, and justice was meted out to the boy. But my father never could be satisfied because that boy was at large, for he said, "If he is bad enough to treat a baby so, when he is a man he will be hung. Just mark my words! They must stop his wickedness now, or he will do worse."

Years passed, and the boy's family moved from town, and we heard and thought no more of him, except as father would tell the story, and say, "I am as sure as ever of the end,—only wait!"

After I was a grown woman there was a terrible murder committed at Hampton Falls, New Hampshire. An old Mr. and Mrs. Brown, who were widely known and beloved, were found one morning killed with an axe. The murder was traced to a certain man named Pike, who had worked on their farm. He was convicted and hung, and he was the boy who began his career of crime by attacking me in my babyhood.

[The above is sent us by Mrs. Allen, of Madison, Wisconsin, wife of Prof. Allen, of the Wisconsin State University. A Band of Mercy might have saved that boy and prevented that murder.—EDITOR.]

About Horses.

From a Rochester paper we take the following:

Horses as a general thing get too much licking and too little feed. If a man loses his hat while driving his horse, he licks the horse to pay for it. If he runs into another wagon through his own carelessness, he licks his horse to make it all right. If his horse slips or stumbles, he gets licked for it,—if he does anything he gets licked, and if he *don't* do anything he gets the same. A great many horses know "a sight" more than their drivers, and if they could change places with them society at large would be the gainers, and so would the horses.

When Miss Genevieve Ward went to Newport for a visit, just before sailing for Europe, she took with her a small black-and-tan dog, her almost constant companion. On the train the conductor of the parlor-car told her that the dog must go into the baggage-car. It did—and so did Miss Ward; and the two sat there on a trunk until the conductor relented, and allowed them to return together to the parlor-car.

How the Monkeys Brought the Boys and Girls to School.

The newest service rendered by monkeys to mankind was recently illustrated in London. In one of the school districts too many parents reported no children in their families, and in order to ascertain the real number of children in the district the school officers resorted to an ingenious measure. Two monkeys were gaily dressed, put in a wagon, and, accompanied by a brass band, were carried through the streets of the district. At once crowds of children made their appearance. The procession was stopped in a park, and the school officers began their work; distributing candies to the youngsters they took their names and addresses. They found out that over sixty parents kept their children from school. The ingenious measure brought to the school about two hundred boys and girls.

—Essex Co. Mercury.

At a recent marriage ceremony in one of the Providence churches, the contracting parties were thirty minutes behind time, and the organ pealed out, "Oh dear! what can the matter be?"

Our Dumb Animals.

Officers of the Society.

President.

GEORGE T. ANGELL, Boston.

Vice-Presidents.

His Excellency the Governor and one hundred others through the State.

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Counsellor.—Wm. Minot, Jr.

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Chief Clerk at Society's Office.—Francis S. Dyer.

Cases Investigated by Office Agents in April.

Whole number of complaints received, 120; viz.: Beating, 9; overworking and overloading, 4; overdriving, 1; driving when lame or galled, 41; failing to provide proper food and shelter, 9; abandoning, 1; torturing, 12; driving when diseased, 3; cruelly transporting, 10; general cruelty, 30.

Remedied without prosecution, 40; warnings issued, 46; not substantiated, 20; not found, 4; prosecuted, 10; convicted, 4; pending, 4. (149.)

Animals taken from work, 25; killed, 49.

Receipts by the Society in April.

FINES.

From Justice's Court.—Shelburne Falls, two cases, \$20.

Police Court.—Lawrence, paid at jail, \$10.

Municipal Court.—Brighton District, 6 cases, \$16.

Witness fees, \$3.30.

Total, \$49.30.

FROM MEMBERS AND DONORS.

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Miss Susan J. White, Miss L. Thompson, Mrs. Chas. Mifflin, Mr. and Mrs. G. H. Warren, Mrs. Arthur Dexter, Henry Sigourney, Henry Day, Thomas Dana, Thos. F. Sullivan, Mrs. Edw. Frothingham, Mrs. J. R. Blake, Miss Josephine May, David W. Simonds.

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OTHER SUMS.

Thos. C. Amory, \$3; Five Friends, \$8; Mrs. Chas. Boyden, \$2; Catharine Harmon, \$2; Miss E. T. Hilliard, \$2; Miss Mary M. Clark, \$2; Willard E. Loud, \$1; E. H. Cutler, \$1; A. Friend, Beverly, \$1; H. M. M., West Newbury, \$1; Mrs. Calvin Haven, \$50.

Total, \$53.50.

SUBSCRIBERS.

Miss Helen M. Mason, \$13.31; Mrs. A. M. Dix, \$7.50; Prof. W. F. Allen, \$3.50; Subs. News Co., \$1.60; Francis C. Nash, \$1.50; Miss Charlotte Burrell, \$2.45; Mrs. C. P. Curtis, \$2.

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FIFTY CENTS EACH.

Miss E. A. Webb, Miss S. E. Chapin, E. A. Hallenbeck, Miss C. B. Warren, J. R. Blair, Miss M. A. Brigham, Horace Fisher.

Total, \$42.36.

PUBLICATIONS.

Miss Lucy S. Lord, \$13.50; Mrs. Chas. Willing, \$8.50; Miss Helen M. Mason, \$2.75; Rev. Geo. D. Gillespie, \$1; Mrs. Mary E. Streeter, \$1; C. B. Hall, \$.60; A. W. Landon, \$.50; J. R. Blair, \$.30; A. I. Parker, \$.30.

Total, \$28.54.

Total receipts in April, \$703.70.

Publications Received From Kindred Societies.

Animal World. London, England.
Humane Journal. Chicago.
Our Animal Friends. New York.
Zoophilist. London, Eng.
Calcutta Society P. C. A., Report, 1882. Calcutta, India.
District of Columbia S. P. C. A., Report, 1882. Washington.
Hampstead Society P. A., Report, 1881-2. Hampstead, Eng.
Victorian Society P. A., Eleventh Annual Report. Melbourne, Australia.
Woman's Branch, Pennsylvania S. P. C. A., Fourteenth Annual Report. Philadelphia.
Rhode Island P. C. A., Thirteenth Annual Report. Ladies' Auxiliary Society P. C. A., Eleventh Annual Report, 1882-3. Providence, R. I.
L'Ami des Animaux. Geneva.
Boletín de la Sociedad Cubana Protectora de Animales y Plantas. Havana.
Bollettino della Società Protettrice degli Animali. Florence.
Deutsche Thierschutz-Zeitung "Ibis." Berlin.
Neuen Leipziger Thierschutz-Vereins. Jahresbericht, 1882-3. Leipzig.
Rheinisch-Westphalischer Thierschutz-Verein. Cologne.
Schweizerische Thierschutzblätter. Zurich.
Societe Viennoise pour la Protection des Animaux. (Circular.) Vienna.
Der Thierfreund. Vienna.
Wupperthaler Thierschutz-Verein. Elberfeld and Barman.
Il Zoofilo. Naples.

Many a true heart that would have come back like the dove to the ark, after the first transgression, has been frightened beyond recall by the angry and menacing taunt,—the savage charity of an unforgiving soul.

Speak kindly in the morning: it lightens the cares of the day, and makes the household and its affairs move along more smoothly. Speak kindly at night, for it may be that before the dawn, some loved one may finish his or her space of life for this world, and it will be too late to ask forgiveness.

Selected.

The harp at Nature's advent strung
Has never ceased to play;
The song the stars of morning sung
Has never died away.

And prayer is made, and praise is given,
By all things near and far;
The ocean looketh up to heaven,
And mirrors every star.

The mists above the morning rills
Rise white as wings of prayer;
The altar-curtains of the hills
Are sunset's purple air.

The blue sky is the temple's arch,
Its transept, earth and air,
The music of its starry march
The chorus of a prayer.

So Nature keeps the reverent frame
With which her years began,
And all her signs and voices shame
The prayerless heart of man.

—Whittier: "Tent on the Beach."

Prices of Humane Publications.

The following publications can be obtained at our offices at cost prices, which does not include postage.

"Ten Lessons on Kindness to Animals," by Geo. T. Angell, at 2 cents each, or \$2.00 per 100
"Care of Horses," .45 "
"Cattle Transportation," by Geo. T. Angell, 1.10 "
"Protection of Animals," by Geo. T. Angell, 1.33 "
"Five Questions Answered," by G. T. Angell, .50 "
"The Check Rein," by G. T. Angell, .60 "
"The Marett Tract," by G. T. Angell, (postage), .05 "
"How to Kill Animals Humanely," by Dr. D. D. Slade, .95 "
Humane picture card, "Waiting for the Master," .75 "
"Insect Eating Birds," by Frank H. Palmer, 1.30 "
"Selected Poems," 3.00 "
"Selections From Longfellow," 3.00 "
"How to Form Bands of Mercy," .30 "
"Bible Lesson for Bands of Mercy," .45 "
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